FRANCE'S "NEW LEFT": J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

THE Nation

March 19, 1955
20c

The Riddle of David Lawrence

by Edgar Kemler

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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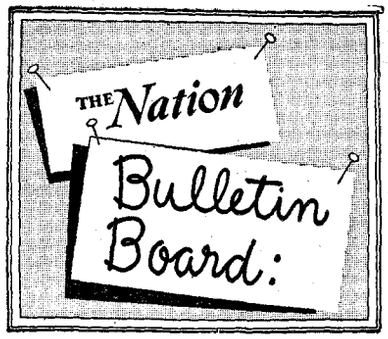

A MAN of exemplary candor and courage in the field of publishing—and a good friend of The Nation—is William T. Evjue, editor and publisher of the Capital Times in Madison, Wisconsin. Liberals have known and admired Bill Evjue from the days of "Old Bob" LaFollette when his paper spoke for a progressive majority in defending the social and political achievements of the state of Wisconsin. Those days are gone but Evjue doesn't need a majority behind him in order to speak out—as he did, for instance, in the case of Joe McCarthy.

He was pretty much on his own when he published the famous series of articles in 1951 exposing the gamy record of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. And Bill Evjue kept sounding the alarm until the tide started turning. Today it's most respectable to take a swipe at McCarthy and Bill Evjue is one of the handful who made that possible.

The other week, Evjue spoke out again. The occasion was the 50th Anniversary of the University of Wisconsin's school of journalism and his editorial in the Capital Times celebrated the event in the unique Evjue manner. It was about as sharp an attack on the present state of the press in America as we have seen. Evjue said that the tremendous concentration of power—economic and financial, hence political—has reduced the mass media (films, radio, TV, the big papers) to an abject state of conformity. Eventually, he said, this must affect the schools of journalism, since a school is bound to be judged "not so much on what or how it teaches, but on the number of graduates it places on newspapers." He recalled the war hysteria which shut off open discussion in 1917, just as the drive for conformity has done in recent years, and he demanded that the press reject this conformity as a pattern in American life and rally to the defense of the old tradition of freedom, "freedom for the printed and spoken word, freedom of inquiry, freedom of assembly, and freedom of conscience."

The same day, Evjue's conservative competitor, the Wisconsin State Journal, also saluted the School of Journalism and the six leading graduates who received anniversary awards. Then, half-ironically, it nominated its "hated rival," William T. Evjue, "for this same honor on some future occasion." Bill Evjue's lusty editorial is hardly calculated to promote this idea. In any event, he is not a candidate for such honors. In a letter to the editor of The Nation, he observes tartly:

"I have never yet received any award or recognition from a newspaper organization for my 50-year record in the field of journalism in this state. I trust that I can wind up my career with the record a blank in that respect. If I ever receive an award of this kind I will suspect that something is wrong with me."

WE HAVE BEEN receiving observations about the recent change in appearance of The Nation. Some people have pointed out that the magazine is slightly smaller; this is true. The press at our new printers necessitates the slicing off of a quarter of an inch in the depth. However, the paper itself is precisely the same as that which we have been using these past three years. The fact that an issue may appear thinner is due to the binding: previously copies were stitched. Now they come off the press pasted at the fold. This gives the magazine a slightly flatter look. But please be reassured: there has been no cutback in the amount of reading matter in the magazine. In fact, in the coming year we expect there will be more issues running above the standard 24 pages than in past years. As for the new type face, it is definitely more legible than the grayish font used before the change. Readers are going to be grateful for it once they become accustomed to it.

TO THOSE who have inquired about The Nation's special tour of six Western European countries a note of warning: if you want to go by ship your reservations must be in early in April; if you want to go by plane, you have till the end of April. The tour by ship begins June 24; by air, July 1. You will return to the United States August 10 by air; August 17 by ship. To repeat some of the details: here is a rare opportunity to meet with members of parliament, deputies and other government leaders; to take part in programs arranged by the Manchester Guardian, New Statesman & Nation, and other leading European journals of opinion. The all-inclusive fee covers transportation, hotels, meals, a full program of sightseeing, interviews, discussions, entertainment, and the services of guides, organizers and interpreters. Professor Colston Warne of Amherst is the leader of the tour. For more information and applications write at once to The Nation, Travel Department, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York City 14.

MARTIN SOLOW.

Letters

The War on the Press

Dear Sirs: We all have a personal respect for George Seldes, but how "new," really, is the war on the press of which he writes in The Nation of February 5 and 12? Isn't the criticism of the press "from the liberal point of view" still what we should be using our ammunition for—even more so than ever now that In Fact is no more and the liberal and Left press is reduced to a mere twig in the forest of newsprint? Wouldn't Seldes be more in character analyzing, for instance, why the New York Times suppressed for eighteen months Harvey Matusow's sworn affidavit that he lied in charging there are over a hundred Communists on the Times's own staff?

The voice of the old Seldes, exposing not the lunacies of the Peglers but the hypocrisies of the "respectable" press, has never been needed more than now. The Nation does us a service by giving him a forum. I hope to hear his old voice echoing through the ramparts we watch before I, the editor of a nonconformist journal, am compelled to watch them from the other side of the Atlantic for the crime of having the wrong politics in 1937.

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

New York, N. Y.

'Then Where Would We Be?'

Dear Sirs: Your Washington correspondent, Max Freedman, in his dispatch of February 19, wonders "why Matusow was believed and supported by anyone with power in Washington." With varying degrees of bewilderment and dismay this bemusement has been expressed by many editorials, "letters to the editor," and individuals. The way it is put is, "Why doesn't the Department of Justice, the various Committees, the Smith Act trials, etc., etc., use honorable and unimpeachable citizens for its witnesses?"

Isn't the answer obvious? Is there any doubt that the Department of Justice, etc., etc., would love to have upstanding, respected citizens as in-

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VOLUME 180, NUMBER 12
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1955

THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

Disarmament: a Weapon?

"The only real significance of disarmament discussions," comments the *Wall Street Journal* (February 28), is that "they have become simply a weapon in propaganda warfare." A summary—and cynical—judgment of this kind implies that the most recent disarmament conferences have served no other purpose than to provide an opportunity for each side to shout propaganda at the other; it also implies that future conferences, including the critical discussions now under way in London, can serve no other purpose. Yet it should be obvious that a single, significant act on the part of either the U. S. S. R. or the U. S. A. would undercut the notion that disarmament conferences are useless. In an editorial of February 11, which produced few echoes in the American press, the Washington *Post* proposed a moratorium on further H-bomb tests. Here was a step in the right direction.

What is more urgently needed is not another proposal or "gesture," which might be advertised as evidence of our "sincerity" and Soviet "hypocrisy"; what is needed is a formal announcement by the Administration that no more tests will be staged for the time being at least, coupled with whatever qualifications might be necessary. We should then ask the Russians to join with us in agreeing not to make further tests and in supporting the proposal of the Federation of American Scientists that the United Nations study the effects of H-bomb explosions. Doubtless these and similar ideas are in fact being discussed in London but the work of the conference might be advanced if one of the two great world powers were to take some dramatic, unilateral action which implied a degree of trust in the other. Such action, moreover, might help check the spreading dogma that disarmament conferences are a sheer waste of time.

Moscow's Answer to Rearmament

A Geneva correspondent writes: Recent comment in the Soviet press indicates that the Kremlin now regards ratification of the Paris agreements as certain and is taking measures to meet the new situation.

Despite earlier threats, diplomatic observers believe Moscow will do nothing that could seriously impair the general effort to reduce international tension. For instance a return to the days of the Berlin blockade is considered highly improbable. Any too drastic answer to the Paris agreements would diminish the impression that Moscow's more cooperative mood has made, particularly in Britain. This was the mood in which the representatives of Britain and India found Foreign Minister Molotov when they approached him again on the question of Formosa; in fact, well informed Europeans are convinced that Russia is doing what it can, behind the scenes, to end the Formosa crisis. The benefit it might draw from this conciliatory role would be jeopardized should it lose its temper when the last ratification is voted.

Russia's answer will be double. Through the East German government it will multiply proposals for a direct agreement guaranteeing what every German wants more than anything else, reunification. The last statement by Prime Minister Otto Grotewohl before the Council of the German Democratic Republic, makes some further concessions to the West German point of view. However, his proposal of a plebiscite has been rejected by the West Germans, including the Socialists who continue to ask for a Big Four conference because they believe that only through negotiation among the great powers can the German problem be solved.

Russia's other answer is on the military level. Not only is the Kremlin increasing its armed power, but a new military conference is planned for the spring to coordinate all the forces of the Soviet Union and the Peoples Democracies in an even closer relationship than exists today.

"A Glowing Thing"

March (from Mars) has never been a cheerful month—the birthstone is the bloodstone—but now that it has become the season for testing A-, H-, U-, and other types of bombs and weapons, it is a month of terror and alarm. This year the A. E. C. detonated something vaguely tagged as an "atomic device" that further pulverized the wounded flats of Nevada and jolted dishes in cupboards several hundred miles distant. The flare was described in faraway Portland, Oregon, as "a glowing thing." In Southern California it was so bright that the skies took on "the yellow flush of early sunrise."

In its wake, the Southern Californians received a jolt more severe than that caused by the explosion itself. Val Peterson, the Civilian Defense chief, testifying before the Senate interior subcommittee in support of the Upper Colorado River storage project, said that in the

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The Nation.March 19, 1955, Volume 180 No. 12

The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1955, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14. N Y Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879 at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office Montgomery. Alabama. Printing Office 1603 Reuben Street.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1. **Change of Address:** Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

event of nuclear war Los Angeles would have to be evacuated for "a long, long, long time." (Apparently Mr. Peterson based his argument on the reasonable assumption that since Los Angeles has been unable to conquer "smog" in the last decade, it could not be expected to make much headway against fall-out and radioactive particles in the next.) Immediately the Los Angeles traffic experts came forth with screaming protests against the idea of evacuating the city. Such a proposal would be physically impossible to execute, they said. Four major highways lead north from Los Angeles, three east, and two south, and there are, or were at the last count, 2,500,000 automobiles. "We'd kill ourselves trying to get out of the city," the experts said. To take care of Los Angeles evacuees, Colorado River water would have to be diverted from Southern California to Arizona evacuation centers and something, too, would have to be done about the pyramiding of industries in Los Angeles which Mr. Peterson regards as "indefensible" from a civilian defense point of view. If this year's March tests accomplished no other purpose, they have apparently aroused a new consciousness in Southern California of the perils of nuclear warfare.

Trouble in Formosa

THE USUALLY reliable and consistently anti-Communist *Chinese World* of San Francisco, a Chinese-English daily, has carried some interesting recent reports on mounting tensions in Formosa. According to these accounts, Article III of the Nationalist-United States treaty, in which the parties undertake "to strengthen their free institutions," has been taken quite literally by dissident political elements as an American-backed guarantee of their right to exercise a measure of political independence. For example, one Cheng Sheh-wo, a newspaperman who has remained silent for the last five years, recently addressed a formal query to Premier O. K. Yui about the continued detention of certain political prisoners. Cheng's action is described as "a ray of light in the darkness and intrigue which surrounds Formosa."

More recently, Li Wang-chu, of the Formosa Provincial Assembly, submitted a list of thirty-two good questions to Governor C. K. Yen. Among other things, he wanted to know why the police continued to molest law-abiding residents, accept bribes, and consort with gangsters. "It would appear," comments columnist Dai-ming Lee, "that the United States is in a position where it is obliged to see that this particular provision (Article III) is implemented by its partner. Otherwise, if Chiang Kai-shek is not forced to democratize his administration, the people of Formosa will be greatly disappointed. In such event, their antagonism to Chiang could very well be transferred to America."

Of even greater interest is a report from Hong Kong in the *Chinese World* (March 4) that General Chiang Ching-kuo may be planning a coup. Now 49, Chiang

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Ching-kuo is the eldest son of Chiang Kai-shek by his first wife. In 1924, during the period of cooperation between the Soviet government and the Kuomintang, Chiang Ching-kuo was sent to Moscow where he enrolled in Sun Yat-sen University, joined the Communist Youth Corps, and later became a member of the Communist Party. After graduation, he transferred to Lenin University where he underwent strict training. He was then assigned to practical work in Russian factories and eventually became manager of one. In 1927, he bitterly denounced his father's purge of Communists from the Kuomintang, calling him, in most unfilial terms, "an evil warlord bent on oppressing the laboring and peasant classes." After the Marco Polo Bridge incident of July 7, 1937, Chiang asked the Russians to permit his son to return to China. The Russians agreed but kept Chiang Ching-kuo in Moscow for a year's additional training before returning him to China in 1939. He was accompanied, incidentally, by his Russian wife.

During the period from 1940 to 1944, when Chiang Ching-kuo was assistant commander of the Kiansi provincial "Peace Preservation Corps," the Chinese Communists became deeply rooted in that area. After V-J day, Chiang Ching-kuo was made special foreign-affairs officer for the Northeastern province (Manchuria) from 1945 to 1947, and in 1949 was named assistant in charge of the Economics Affairs Bureau in Shanghai. "Throughout the whole of his career in China," comments the *Chinese World*, "there has been no report whatsoever of his giving up his connections with the Communist Party."

Since the Nationalists retreated to Formosa in 1949, the Generalissimo's son has gradually seized top party, military, and administrative powers and, as a result of his rise in influence, such pro-American elements as Wang Shih-chieh and K. C. Wu have been banished. In 1951, when the head of the Kuomintang "CC" clique, Chen Kuo-fu, was on his death bed, he is said to have entered this notation in his diary: "At present, an important Red international spy is manipulating things. If the members of the Kuomintang do not meet this threat, our party will certainly be annihilated." Given the external pressures, it is not unlikely that mounting internal tensions could set the stage for a coup in Formosa. In any case, the internal situation there warrants a great deal more attention by American correspondents than it has received to date.

Washington in Focus

by Max Freedman

SENATOR DOUGLAS is perfectly right in repeating his request for an apology from Mr. Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury. Without any proof and in defiance of the record, Mr. Humphrey accused the Senator of having predicted that the country would be struck by a depression. When Senator Douglas denied this charge and confronted Mr. Humphrey with a demand for proof, there was only a shambling and sheepish evasion. Then later, Mr. Humphrey tried to prove his indictment by quoting from Senator Douglas. Unfortunately for the success of this attempt, it was easy for Senator Douglas to prove to reporters that Mr. Humphrey had tortured the quotations and wrenched them from the context so as completely to misrepresent what had been said. It may suit the Republicans to pillory Senator Douglas as the "prophet of gloom and doom." It would be more consistent with Mr. Humphrey's national stature and personal honor to withdraw a charge which he cannot sustain even by the most arbitrary departures from the public record.

Incidentally, Mr. Humphrey would perform a greater public service if he stopped blaming Senator Douglas and tried to answer the criticism of his tax policy brought by the Democratic members who analyzed the President's economic report. The Administration boasts of the $3,000,000,000 reduction in taxes made last year. The joint committee on internal-revenue taxation has estimated that $935 million, or only 31 per cent of this, will be reflected in the returns of taxpayers with less than $5,000 adjusted gross income. Yet these small taxpayers account for 74 per cent of the total tax returns. Therefore, $2,080,000,000, or 69 per cent of the reductions, will be on returns above $5,000.

The figures produced by the Democrats in the joint economic report prove that Mr. Humphrey made another mistake in his calculations. Reductions in the tax on corporations failed to produce a corresponding increase in investment. There is reason to believe that a large part of these savings went to greater activity in the stock market instead of to investments on plant expansion leading to more jobs.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has marked his regret in the most emphatic way at Mr. Robert Cutler's withdrawal from his official family. He accepted Mr. Cutler's resignation with extreme reluctance, commended his services in a letter which flashed with gratitude, and then gave him a farewell dinner party at the White House, an honor paid to no other departing official. Mr. Cutler deserves these laurels, for he has been one of the pivotal figures in Washington, although he is almost unknown to the public.

He bore the title of Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. Under his guidance

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the National Security Council became more important over large ranges of policy than the Cabinet, of which it is a mere committee. Mr. Cutler developed a capacity for self-effacement. The substance of power was in his hands and so he wisely shunned its trappings. Reporters lost some fine copy when he took this vow of silence, for his gift of mordant phrase crackled easily into gay epigram and devastating portraiture. His public reticence must have been a strain almost as great as his austere abstention from society, since his talents would have sparkled in a large company. As the custodian of Washington's most significant secrets, however, he chose the shadows rather than the deceptive glories of publicity. His successor, Mr. Dillon Anderson of Texas, inherits a public instrument which has been molded into sturdy efficiency by Mr. Cutler's diligence and vision.

It must be reported however that some observers with great experience in government are beginning to see dangers in the new eminence of the National Security Council. They are glad that a White House staff is advising the President on national security, and they welcome the high qualities of this staff, especially when President Eisenhower follows his advisers on so many delicate issues. But they think the center of creative thinking has shifted from the departments to the National Security Council. In the Truman Administration, the State Department and Defense Department prepared policies which then were judged by the President. Today there is an increasing tendency to lodge ultimate power in the National Security Council and to subordinate departmental thinking to its decrees. In the process, not all the creative resources of various departments are being used to the best advantage. The ideal arrangement would be for the White House staff to be sufficiently wise to evaluate the suggestions from the departments without being sufficiently powerful to disturb their functions.

The National Security Council works under conditions of vigilant secrecy, doubtless unavoidable, but cause for disquiet when its decisions affect so many aspects of public policy. President Eisenhower, satisfied with the present trend, is leaning more heavily on it. What we may be seeing now is one of those silent transformations resulting, in the end, in a new balance of forces, with both the Cabinet and the departments having forfeited much of their power to the National Security Council. If this new design is achieved, one of its principal architects will unquestionably be Mr. Cutler.

WHEN Mr. Tompkins, the Assistant Attorney-General, testified before Senator Humphrey's committee last week he spoke as if the new security regulations were completely satisfactory. There might be an occasional human error, he admitted, but the program was soundly conceived to protect the national interest. Above all, he defended the Administration's power to take secret testimony and to suspend the right of an employee to confront his accusers, whenever this denial of due process seems justified by national security. Despite these strenuous claims, it should be understood that recent changes have merely improved some of the methods of administering the security regulations; the fundamental injustices of the program itself still remain. In a few weeks the Supreme Court will hear the Dr. Peters case which raises this issue in a direct and challenging form, perhaps going beyond any other case before that tribunal.

Dr. Peters is senior professor of medicine at Yale. For several years before 1953 he was a special consultant to the Public Health Service of the Federal Security Agency. He never had access to strategic information. In fact, the Department of Justice's brief admits that his duties required his presence in Washington "for four to ten days each year to advise the Surgeon-General with respect to proposals to grant federal assistance to medical-research institutions under the public-health laws." It is hard to imagine a more "non-sensitive" assignment. In January, 1949, a loyalty board, after investigating charges about his political activities, found that it had no evidence for holding him disloyal. Two years later, in December, 1951, the Federal Security Agency decided to reopen the matter by holding hearings before its own board of inquiry. Among the sixteen charges was one that he had been a member of the Communist Party. Once again the board determined that there was no doubt of his loyalty. Eleven months later his third ordeal began. Part of the case against Dr. Peters rested on secret information. The board itself did not know the identity of all the accusers and secret informers. It refused, in fact, to reveal the name of the one confidential informant known to it. The chairman said the board "would consider evidence given by confidential informants not disclosed" to Dr. Peters. Five witnesses at this hearing supported Dr. Peter's testimony that he never had been a Communist and that he always had been loyal to the United States. Two of these witnesses were former medical students. The others were Charles W. Seymour, former President of Yale, Judge Charles Clark of the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, and C. M. Hugh Long, former dean of the Medical School at Yale.

The board decided there was reasonable doubt of Dr. Peter's loyalty and the Civil Service Commission barred him from government service for three years. The Surgeon-General discharged Dr. Peters in June, 1953. Lawyers for Dr. Peters were not permitted to file a motion for a hearing before the full loyalty board of the Civil Service Commission. Dr. Peters then took the matter to the courts.

Meanwhile, it is permissible to emphasize one passage in the brief filed with the Supreme Court by the C. I. O. as friend of the court. "The C. I. O. believes," it said, "that no one can constitutionally be deprived of employment, pursuant to governmental action, where the deprivation of employment carries with it the stigma of disloyalty or of characterization as a security risk except after a fair opportunity to rebut the adverse loyalty-security charges at a hearing. Where these charges are based on statements to an intelligence agency by secret informers unavailable for cross-examination, and whose identity is often not disclosed even to the board members, there is no such fair opportunity and the purported hearing is a travesty on our democratic processes."

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FRANCE'S "NEW LEFT"

What It Is and What It Needs . . . *by J. A. del Vayo*

Paris

I ARRIVED in Paris just in time to witness the end of the eighteen-day government crisis. I found Pierre Mendes-France's supporters saddened by the fact that the country as a whole, which six months before had been hailing the former premier as a hero, watched his departure with little emotion. Only the Socialists supported him to the very end; the regional party federations are still passing resolutions protesting his overthrow. The general apathy was deplored particularly by those who looked to Mendes-France as the natural leader of the "New Left."

But to lead the Left one must have mass support, and the French masses knew Mendes-France was not their man the moment the American press, previously so hostile, began to praise him for his support of German rearmament. Then came the parliamentary debate; the day of his victory on the Paris agreements in the National Assembly can be seen in retrospect to have been the day of his defeat.

The accession of Edgar Faure, who had been Mendes-France's First Minister, to the premiership, was marked by elements of drama. Mendes-France sat on his hands, so to speak, during Faure's program speech, and abstained in the vote which created the new premier. But privately he is said to have told Faure: "You and I form a tandem. We need each other. But the tandem will hold only so long as you assure yourself of Socialist support, which you cannot do by constituting a Rightist Cabinet."

Yet it is precisely to the Right that Faure has turned, and the fact that France today is governed by a Cabinet without Socialists, headed by a man with a Leftist reputation but who is nevertheless "trusted" by the Right, is of considerable significance. The Left may now have to wait quite a while for a chance to return to power. Faure hopes to hold office at least until autumn, and perhaps, if fortune smiles, until next year's general election. But few of the people to whom I have talked give him that much time. The Premier's astuteness is undeniable; he managed to create a Cabinet which includes some of the most irreconcilable elements among the old politicians. But this very fact makes the government vulnerable. Most experts agree that as soon as the two immediate tasks—the approval of the budget and the ratification of the Paris agreements

Edgar Faure

—are fulfilled, the inner strains will begin to show. They will certainly be manifest the moment Faure tackles the North African issue, on which the divergence of views among the most important ministers is widest.

BUT no matter whether Faure lasts four months or six, his government will probably be followed by another Rightist combination. No important change in French politics is to be foreseen until the general election of June, 1956. During this period the Left must gather its strength. The strength is there—today everybody "talks" Left, confirming the disparity between the people and the parliamentary majority about which I wrote not long ago—but it must be organized and unified.

For some time the term "New Left" was applied to three organizations: the Young Republic, the Independent Left, and the Progressive Union—none either Communist or anti-Communist—which together command a modest but estimable following in certain areas of France outside of Paris. Now the term has been appropriated by two brilliant writers, the Gaullist Andre Malraux and the independent-minded Catholic Francois Mauriac, who hope to create a movement to return Mendes-France to power.

It is, however, difficult to conceive of a strong Left without the participation of the Marxist parties. The Socialists, of course, are suffering the consequences of their support of the Paris agreements. The seventeen Socialist deputies who broke party discipline to oppose the agreements have been expelled, but they still have a strong following in three regional federations, particularly that of Haute-Caronne. But whatever the vagaries of Socialist policy, a Left without the participation of the Socialists is inconceivable. They still boast the largest party representation in the National Assembly.

Equally it is difficult to imagine an effective French Left without the Communists, who gathered five million votes in the last general election and are likely to get as many in the next. The Communist Party's campaign for peace and its opposition to German rearmament find echoes in the hearts of many Frenchmen, and the party is likely to gain rather than lose supporters in the coming months. For if there was considerable doubt about the realism of Mendes-France's policy of "parallel negotiation"—rearming

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Germany while simultaneously talking to Moscow—there is no doubt at all about the foreign policy of the Faure government. We are not likely to see Antoine Pinay, the Foreign Minister, hurrying to talk to Molotov under any circumstances.

Moreover, there can be no Left without labor; but to win labor a Left grouping must have a strong social policy. Despite France's relative prosperity, the average wage here is still only 28,000 francs (about $80) a month.

An effective Left must also take into account the growing fear of atomic war. "Men's Folly," the recent book on nuclear weapons by Jules Moch, France's representative in the U.N. disarmament conference in London, made a deep impression on the French people. The author predicts a "push-button" war with the victim of aggression brought to his knees within a few hours, and he dismisses as "nonsense" the efforts to build a "civil defense" against the A- and H-bombs. The French press has also made much of recent statements by Professor C. F. Powell of Bristol University, England, to the effect that "twenty or thirty H-bombs would make organized life impossible throughout Britain." The fact that in the eyes of many Frenchmen the Communists have taken the lead in the fight against atomic war cannot easily be shrugged off when it comes to organizing a French Left.

The Left must learn to be as realistic as the Right. Too many Leftists here were under the illusion that Chancellor Adenauer would never be able to persuade the Bundestag to ratify the Paris agreements, tied as they were to the Saar understanding. Now these same people are counting on the French Senate to delay ratification. Advocates of this flank attack on the Paris documents think they can keep the Senate busy with other matters until the end of March, by which time the calendar will be relied upon to do the rest. This year the legislative Easter holiday has been prolonged until the end of the cantonal elections, which take place at the close of April. But Premier Faure and his colleagues are convinced that they can win the battle of the Senate before Easter Sunday.

If the Left wants to be in a position where it can shape France's future, it must acquire unity, audacity, and a revolutionary spirit. Above all it must be able to resist the blackmail of the Right, which here as everywhere is unceasing in its efforts to split the progressive forces by branding the most courageous among them as tools of Moscow.

THE LAWRENCE RIDDLE

The Man or the Times? . . *by Edgar Kemler*

IN THE past two years the very conservative, very respectable David Lawrence has become a McCarthy-Knowland right-winger. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, the sixty-six-year-old news veteran has reached a new peak in his astonishing post World-War II revival. His column was once so solemn and dull that editors frequently forgot to print it. Now, enlivened by sly innuendoes against New Dealers, both Republican and Democratic, it is the most widely read of all "serious" columns (it is syndicated by the New York *Herald Tribune* to 250 papers). As for his weekly magazine, *U. S. News and World Report,* in theory its news pages are independent of Lawrence's editorial views, yet apparently it too has become a right-wing sounding board—and with a similar increase in popularity. While the circulation of *Newsweek,* the first news magaine after *Time,* has stood almost stationary at 850,000, that of *U. S. News* has risen from 364,000 in 1951 to 725,000 in 1954. To meet the competition *Newsweek* has borrowed some of its rival's gimmicks—the interview, for example—and occasionally its slant.

What Lawrence has gained in influence by this right-wing gambit he has lost in credibility. Indeed, it looks as if he were determined to destroy himself along with the New Dealers. On August 1, 1952, he described his present bedfellows as a force that would "impair American leadership in international affairs" and "unintentionally, of course," involve America in a third world war. Until then, or at least until the Korean War, he had not only preached coexistence but once boldly attempted to practice it. In an open letter to Ilya Ehrenburg in 1947 he offered that Soviet apologist an informal peace pact: Lawrence would stop picking on Russia if Ehrenburg would stop picking on the United States. But today Lawrence seems convinced that peaceful gestures will bring war and warlike gestures bring peace.

Lawrence used to be much admired for his Christian forbearance. This, he explains, was an outgrowth of a deep non-sectarian interest in Christianity itself. In former days whenever he felt like blasting a rival, he would pray directly to God to purge him of his bitterness. And when his bitterness was purged, he would call on the victim he had spared and ask his forgiveness—not for anything he had said but for what he might have said. He is said to have exercised this kind of self-discipline when the Washington columnists, Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, attacked him in "Washington Merry-Go-Round." Even more striking was the way he defended Dean Acheson when that

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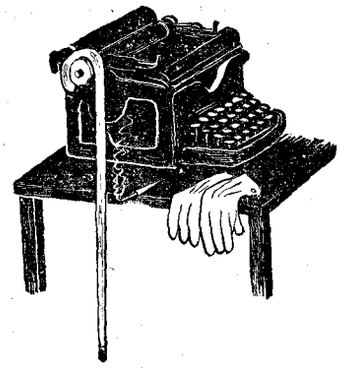
highly vulnerable New Dealer refused to turn his back on Alger Hiss. Lawrence called this an act of "practical Christianity" not to be confused with condoning treason, as McCarthy would have it. Now Lawrence attacks the New Dealish Ford Foundation for befriending Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, whose alleged misdeeds are far milder than those of Alger Hiss.

WHY DOES he act this way? The answer lies partly in the man and partly in the times. Under his deceptively rational facade there lurks an intense partisan—a Hoover Republican, but also a Woodrow Wilson Democrat who is still a registered Democrat and who resents New Dealers as parvenus.

While pro-Ally during World War II, Lawrence carried on a guerrilla campaign against the Roosevelt Administration because, he said, the Administration was carrying on its own guerrilla campaign against $25,000-a-year bankers. In those days this was the worst charge he could bring against his opponents. Since McCarthy's invention of "treason" as the absolute counter-weapon, the New Dealers are on the defensive, and Lawrence survives as the "only true liberal." Oddly, it was not until the Jenner report on internal subversion that he really became addicted to this weapon. In his *U. S. News* editorial of September 4, 1953, which he reprinted again on November 20, he indicated he would hold it over New Dealers' heads until they too showed "more zeal" in ferreting out traitors. Now that some of them are doing just that, Lawrence is visibly disappointed.

Lawrence's story shows how ineffectual is moral restraint in official Washington today. Lawrence has had his full share of success here. When he first read the *Congressional Record,* he says, Senatorial bombast about the Spanish-American War (1898-99) seemed like poetry to him, and the windbags themselves like Olympian gods. The son of a poor immigrant family which after a stay in Philadelphia settled in Buffalo, young David never dreamed that he would one day be rubbing elbows with these gods, and not only rubbing elbows with them but outranking them in wealth if not in influence. After his marriage in 1918, at the height of his first success, he and his family lived in the fashionable Massachusetts Avenue section of Washington, in a mansion now the home of the Swedish ambassador. They had a Cadillac and also a small yacht, which they used for fishing trips in Chesapeake Bay.



Lawrence became a member of nine clubs, including the Bankers' Club of New York and the exclusive Racquet Club of Washington.

By contrast with his former swank, he now belongs to only three clubs and lives in seclusion on his two-hundred-acre farm in Fairfax, Virginia, in summer and in Florida in winter. He lunches regularly with political leaders, mostly right-wingers, and thus keeps ahead of the news. He is an infrequent party-goer. A short, vibrant man, with intense blue-gray eyes and a scholar's paunch, he drives himself hard and indulges in no minor vices—he neither drinks nor smokes. One of his few diversions is a Sunday drive through the Virginia apple country.

AT FOURTEEN, when Lawrence started as a sports reporter on the Buffalo *Express,* his nose for the whole truth was just as sharp as it is now for the half-truth, and he followed his nose just as ruthlessly. That is how he made his legendary leap into the front rank of Washington correspondents. When he enrolled at Princeton, few men realized what a news center that ivy-league school was. Its president, Woodrow Wilson, was still little known, and Grover Cleveland, who lived nearby, was a has-been. Yet in his four college years, from 1906 to 1910, he sold the Associated Press enough stories to pay his tuition and board, with $500 over. Cleveland's death, which occurred in the summer recess of his second year, was a Lawrence exclusive in the Lawrence manner. He had stood the death watch for three weeks in a deserted dormitory. Also he had persuaded Mrs. Cleveland to telephone him at once—he was the only student allowed to have a telephone in his room. As to Wilson, then engaged in a historic battle to uphold Princeton scholarship against Princeton snobbery, Lawrence's copious reports undoubtedly helped build his growing reputation. In return, Wilson gave Lawrence his friendship.

When Wilson was elected President two years later, Lawrence had already made his mark as an Associated Press reporter in Washington. It was inevitable, therefore, that the A. P. should assign him to the White House. His White House pipe line was managed with classic skill from Inauguration Day, 1913, to Wilson's paralytic stroke in September, 1919. He had few private sessions with the President and did not need them. The President's aides and Cabinet officers told him everything he wanted to know. When he did see the President, Wilson sometimes asked him to suppress certain items he had got from other sources, but after lecturing Wilson on the importance of good public relations he usually obtained permission to print them. Wilson broke with him only when he boldly printed the truth about the stroke—namely, that it had made the President incapable of fully rational decisions.

After the break, Lawrence, less from choice than necessity, switched from scoop journalism to journalistic business. In 1916 he accepted the New York *Evening Post's* offer to hire him away from the Associated Press, which had smothered him in anonymity—as it did all its staff reporters—and to set him up with a syndicated column under his own by-line. The *Evening Post* did this on the basis of his White House pipe line. When the pipe line failed, the *Post,* then under new management, evidently felt that the whole arrangement was voided, and in October, 1919, stopped syndicating his column. Attempting to syndicate it himself, Lawrence discovered that he could not make it pay unless he could supply other features—enough to keep a wire busy for eight hours.

In choosing to supply mainly fi-

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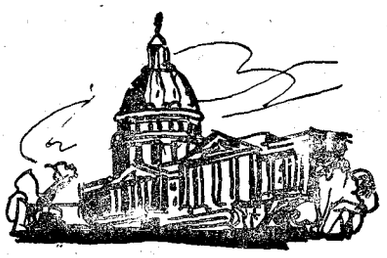
nancial items his amazing flair did not fail him. Before the great stock-market boom was off the ground, he got exclusive rights to provide afternoon papers with quotations from the New York Stock Exchange. The success of this service later suggested other news services, not only for newspapers but for a selected clientele of business executives— economic news letters, weekly labor-relations reports, court reports, and the like. No matter how dull and academic such matters may have seemed at first, most of them, sooner or later, paid off. Four years after the crash he was forced to transfer his stock-market service to the Associated Press, and his own column was picked up by the North American Newspaper Alliance, but eighteen other services still prosper under the aegis of what Lawrence has portentously called the Bureau of National Affairs, Inc.

ODDLY enough, *U. S. News and World Report,* which is now the richest of all his properties and which he regards as "his greatest public service," was the hardest to get started. Founded in 1926 as the *U. S. Daily,* a thirty-six-page newspaper concerned exclusively with government, it did not show any sign of vitality until its conversion into a weekly magazine fourteen years later. Less a newspaper than an adjunct of the Government Printing Office, printing "authorized statements only" and "without comment," it had a virginal non-partisanship at variance with *U. S. News and World Report,* in which, consciously or no, even the gossip columns are slanted. It was kept alive for seven years by Lawrence's rich friends, including Otto Kahn, Simon Guggenheim, and Ruth Hanna McCormick (of the Chicago *Tribune* McCormicks). And when these "public-spirited men and women," as Lawrence called them, were pumped dry — their estimated contribution was about $2,000,000—Lawrence kept the thing alive for another seven years, presumably out of the earnings of his column.

The gradual transformation of this innocent sheet into a house organ for right-wing intellectuals is a measure of Lawrence's own transformation. In the late twenties, as the columnist Drew Pearson, once a reporter for the *U. S. Daily,* has pointed out, Lawrence had become so rich and conservative that as a journalist he had slipped into the second rank. In the thirties the New Deal brought relatively new men, like Walter Lippmann, Joseph Alsop, and Pearson, into the limelight. This was especially humiliating because Lawrence had known "Frank" Roosevelt when he was a mere Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Lawrence himself was working higher levels.

In sounding the anti-New Deal tocsin Lawrence came alive again. In five years he wrote five books, three of which had the challenging titles, "Stumbling Into Socialism" (1935), "Nine Honest Men" (1936), "Who Were the Eleven Million?" (1937). Oddly enough, very little of Lawrence's own bias slipped into the news pages of his magazine, which was launched in January, 1940; his inaugural editorial merely called on President Roosevelt to stop referring to rich men as "crooks." In the last year or so, however, *U. S. News and World Report* has made up for lost time. It will now print anything that seems to document Joe McCarthy's thesis of "Twenty Years of Treason."

To the headquarters of *U. S. News and World Report* some forty-five reporters bring their stories, to be boiled down into creditable English by forty editors and laid out with multicolored charts, maps, subheads, and summaries. To a nucleus of old friends of Lawrence dating back to the twenties, many new recruits from the Associated Press and United Press have been added. Like all newsmen, they are primarily interested in front-page scoops, which they produce week after week. These scoops are guarded with the greatest care. Interviews with Knowland, Radford, Martin Dies, Syngman Rhee, and other right-wing dignitaries are tape-recorded on Tuesday and edited on Thursday, and nobody except the ten or twelve participants knows anything about them until the magazine hits the newsstands on Monday.



The prestige of *U. S. News and World Report* in the government varies more or less directly with the strength of right-wing Republican influence. In the Pentagon the magazine is much admired; it got the only exclusive interview that Secretary of Defense Wilson has granted. In the State Department it is currently deplored because of its innuendoes about the department's handling of the still unpublished Yalta papers. Because it prints such "opposition" documents as the Bishop Oxnam defense and the full Watkins committee report the magazine is less controversial than its editor, Lawrence, who is one of Washington's greatest enigmas.

WHEN asked to explain his new affiliations, Lawrence denies that he has any. Now, as always, he says, he is concerned with principles, not with men. He thinks that sooner or later everybody who attacks Communists in Washington is smeared by them. He mentioned the classic example of Martin Dies, the pioneer red hunter who tried, but failed, to attain McCarthy's stature in the early days of World War II.

Lawrence is widely hailed as an almost perfect employer; he cares for the four hundred-odd workers on *U. S. News* with an old-fashioned paternalism and allows them to look forward to complete ownership of that fabulous property—in 1952 its revenue from advertising alone was $7,000,000 They already own 40 per cent of the stock, and the remaining 60 per cent will be sold to them after Lawrence's death. His $600,000 Bureau of National Affairs was sold to its 265-man staff in 1946.

Freed from business worries by the success of *U. S. News,* Lawrence can devote himself to his column, which is now in its thirty-ninth year. Once its plan is fixed in his head, he says, he can type it out in less than an hour—in fifteen minutes, if necessary. However, it takes a full day of lonely thought and exhaustive digging to work out the plan. Though the column is more concerned with interpretation than news, it is given a newsy quality by references to arguments and facts

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overlooked by rival columnists. In his one-man battle to save McCarthy from censure, Lawrence asserted that he alone had showed how the Watkins committee had "infringed" on Joe's rights. He was the true liberal in that fight, according to his interpretation. He was routed, of course. But there was some consolation in that the Watkins committee changed the wording of the proposed resolution from "censure" to "condemnation." According to Webster's dictionary, "condemnation" is a stronger word than "censure." As Lawrence explains it, however, "censure" is a legal term like "contempt," while "condemnation" is a moral judgment, which in Lawrence's topsy-turvy world is of less weight.

From his casual remarks, one gathers that Lawrence is ensnared by a dead-end logic and that he would give anything to escape from it. He thinks that if he could only take off two years he could write a book on what caused World Wars I and II and how World War III could be avoided. This presumably would be one way out of his dilemma. But he is a slave to the news ticker. He can't take time out. He can't even take vacations. He mentioned his famous trip to Bermuda some years ago, which he found thoroughly depressing. Meanwhile, he continues his lifelong interest in religion. Last Christmas he bought an impressive set of heavy tomes called "The Interpretative Bible." This set now sits on a side table in his small office under photographs of United States Presidents whom Lawrence has known. Unfortunately the volumes turned out to be highly technical. As soon as he can get around to it, he plans to give them to some seminary and buy himself something a little more agreeable.

WHICH WAY ASIA?

India's Way, or China's . . . *by T. Balogh*

New Delhi

IN THE last three years India has been engaged in a unique and inspiring experiment which will be decisive for the fate of the non-Soviet world, as the further progress of communism in Asia may depend upon it. India is trying to do by democratic means what so far has been done only by communism and totalitarian compulsion: to lift a poverty-stricken country, mainly by its own efforts, on the road to progressive improvement.

Last week I wrote of the strength and weaknesses of India's economic management. I turn now to the social sphere. A greater equality has not been achieved either socially or economically since liberation. There is a drive against untouchability, but conditions in the 560,000 villages have not really changed. The drive against illiteracy is not sufficiently intense and much money which should go to elementary and technical schools is spent in providing educational frills and "pure" scientific institutes. These are devoted not so much to the solution of urgent problems but to demonstrate (quite unnecessarily) the capacity of India to tackle "higher" problems. In so far as the universities bring forth a stream of unemployables, they hinder rather than buttress the experiment in democracy. Moreover, so long as the quickest and easiest rise into the dominant bureaucracy leads through the imitation of the least attractive aspects of British educational methods, the best talents will not be mobilized for the best purposes.

Though the Indian government realizes that efforts to limit the population are essential if a beginning is to be made with the relief of poverty, all that has happened in this field has not been very effective. No headway has been made in providing mechanical means of contraception on the argument that they are expensive and unpopular, at any rate with men. Open propaganda against, or an outright attack on, archaic social arrangements seems to be frowned upon for political reasons.

The really serious thing is that the origin of the administrative difficulties is not fully realized or, at any rate, is firmly suppressed. The *laisser faire* traditions of the British civil service in the last thirty years of its existence—far are the days when the great irrigation and railway schemes were launched—are hardly shaken except among the few brought in since the liberation.

But even if all these painful doubts about the energy and the capacity of a large part of the ruling oligarchy—in so sharp a contrast to the ideals and endeavours of the few surviving helpers of Gandhi—were suddenly dispelled, even if one were more convinced of the single-minded devotion and energy of the decisive local-administrative machinery, the fate of this experiment in constructive democracy would still be in doubt. The dangers from the Right must not be underestimated. There are significant indications that communalism and separatism, though for the moment discredited, have not by any means been eradicated. The language has become an effective nationalistic rallying cry. There has been trouble in Andhra and worse is to come in the Punjab. The border countries, Nepal and Sikkim, do not appear to bear much love for India, and in many of the tribal areas trouble might easily develop and suddenly change into flirtation with communism for nationalistic reasons.

And then there is a supreme

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danger from across the Northern border. In the best of circumstances, India can hardly hope to equal the rate of development in China. The ruthless liquidation of the upper class; the capacity to disregard or to overcome, by police action or by massive indoctrination, customs and traditions which hamper progress; an incentive mechanism which does not stop at the "sack" or promotion, all these give China immense material advantages. India has yet to achieve a rate of investment of the order or magnitude of more than 7 per cent of the national product, disregarding agricultural-maintenance work. China already seems to have surpassed 8 per cent and should approach 12 per cent this year. China's aim apparently is 20 per cent toward the end of the decade. Though the first phase of reconstruction is over and industrial expansion in China has slowed down, it is still above 10 per cent per annum.

AS THE critical level of investment, i.e. the level at which output per man can be expected to increase, is hardly less than 10 per cent, the vital importance of the difference can easily be appreciated. There is no way of breaking the vicious circle of poverty other than by a decisive increase above the critical lower limit of investment. This India has not accomplished yet, or at any rate there is no margin of safety on which one might count for the time when the weather will not be a faithful ally. There is, moreover, no obvious direction from which the increase can come. There is growing resistance to further taxation. And controls which would have buttressed the economy against shocks resulting from a bolder use of the printing press for development have, as we have seen, disappeared. India is naked in the face of any storm.

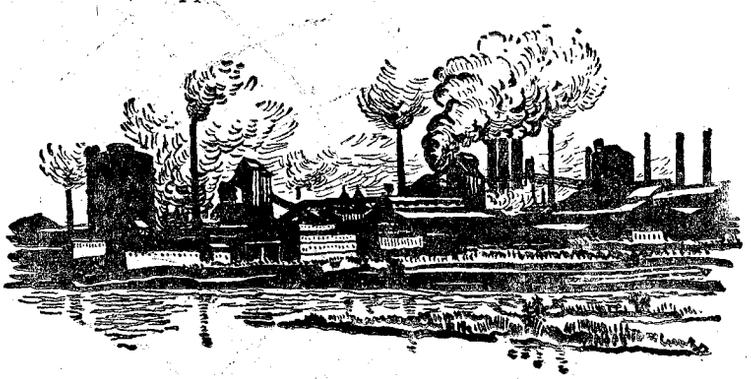
It appears, moreover, that Russia has started to build a full-scale industry for China which in many essentials contrasts painfully with the fumbling efforts in India. The new Russian automobile factory built for China is to be the most modern in the Soviet orbit and on a truly American scale (over 250,000 units per annum). The start of the motor industry in India was on a pitiable scale and there are already signs that the curse of multiplication of types, which have such a painful effect on the standard of life even in advanced countries through necessary rise in prices, will beset the Indian intant industries at their very inception.

Thus China has a material advantage, not merely of ruthless methods and lower consumption through greater equality, but also in being able to rely upon planned long-term help. This double advantage might well prove decisive in the struggle for Asia. We must not indulge in the idle dream that the loftiness of Western ideals of liberty and humanity will alone prevent a Communist victory. Those ideals do not now look too secure to the Asian onlooker even in Western countries and they were something of a sham in Western relations to the colonies and under-developed areas. The British, in their struggle with the Indian nationalists, were at times quite ruthless and the situation of the large masses has not materially changed since. Religion might make them accept their present position and resent a Communist intrusion, but the hope of a change for the better in their miserable fate might easily reconcile them to a new despotism.

New Delhi's second Five-Year Plan represents a groping effort to ward off the Communist deluge. But what is needed is a much more drastic mobilization of national economic resources than any hitherto attempted. Investment plans would have to be multiplied, and far greater effort made at the mass-training of technicians. Controls over imports and even of internal distribution would have to be tightened or reintroduced. Taxation would have to be made far more progressive, especially on sumptuary expenditures absorbing scarce resources, and more discrimination between necessary and unnecessary investments must be introduced. Banking reform must be pushed through and plans made to take over a number of key industries. There is urgent need for administrative reform.

It must be realized, however, that such internal reform would take time, which is the one thing the Indians no longer have available. In order to be successful, they need help on a grandiose scale. At least five to seven hundred million dollars of foreign aid would be required annually for at least ten years to enable India to overcome the massive advantages of China. Nor must there be persnickety special schemes and regulations in channelling the help, creating the suspicion that the United States is merely trying to "dump" unwanted goods and incompetent "experts." Above all, a long-term plan of help would have to be worked out to avoid the yearly alarums and last-minute pressures by which a frantic American Administration tries to placate a hostile Congress before appropriations are voted. No Indian government can build its plans on so flimsy a foundation.

IT IS not surprising that it is in the most literate part of India, the desperately poor South, that the Communists have established a powerful hold. It is equally comprehensible that the growing unemployment and frustration of the educated middle-class in Bengal has resulted in a disturbing strengthening of extremism. Beyond all this the number of Indians is growing—and some of them are in exceptionally influential positions—who are so impressed by the achievements of China that they are moved to imitation. Consciously, no doubt,



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they adhere to Mr. Nehru's proud refusal to copy foreign methods and to accept all their social and political implications. Subconsciously they try to persuade themselves that grandiose plans can be put forward without accepting Soviet methods of incentive and control.

AN unsuspecting regime might be pushed into trying such over-ambitious projects; opponents can easily be discredited by being accused of reaction. The fact is that, once accepted, it would be difficult to back away from plans committing the government to revolutionary change. Yet it would be impossible to implement them with the administrative means available. And an economic breakdown is likely to present rich opportunities to the Communists, at any rate in the key state administrations, and it is questionable whether the federation could then continue to function. The consequence might well be a renewal of violence on a tragic scale.

But even if well-intentioned efforts did not result in such a drastic reversal, and even if a revolutionary situation were not produced, the dangers facing India are not inconsiderable. The present exhilaration might well be confounded by a setback, and a setback wold be inevitable if the next monsoon is a failure or the terms of trade worsened. The ensuing disillusionment and bitterness would inevitably have grave political consequences, the graver because the present suspicious situation has raised hopes so high. There is an ominous gamble in promising, as Congress did, to abolish unemployment within ten years when unemployment continues to rise. It is just possible that it was the fear of Right reaction and of the rise of dangerous discontent in strategic frontier areas, and not merely electioneering in Andhra, which prompted the Congress Party to veer left. The party has accepted all but unanimously a resolution in favor of remodeling Indian life "on a socialistic pattern." These resolutions may well strengthen the party further; they will not eliminate, though they may temporarily weaken, the Communists. The Congress victory in Andhra confirms this analysis and the grave danger which exists if the victory is not followed by positive, energetic action.

If the second Five-Year Plan were already successfully prepared and passed and on the way to its fulfillment, no problems would arise. But the democratic process itself militates against its smooth passage, and the weakness of the administrative and social structure inevitably magnifies the dangers. There can be no doubt that all well-wishers of Indian democracy must do their utmost to persuade the Western powers to concert action for a large-scale help, given without strings or conditions, as a sense of duty toward the success of an experiment on which the fate of the free world in fact depends.

LESSON FOR THE WEST

The Japanese Elections . . *by W. Macmahon Ball*

London

IT SEEMS a long time since that afternoon in April, 1946, when a special meeting of the Allied Council for Japan was hastily summoned to decide whether Mr. Hatoyama was a suitable person to become Japan's first "democratic" prime minister. He had won an overwhelming vote in Tokyo's First District, was the acknowledged leader of the conservative majority returned to the new Diet, and therefore, barring accidents, would have become prime minister in a few days. The Allied Council had his record placed before it and quickly reached one of its very few unanimous decisions. The representatives of the United States, Russia, China, and the British Commonwealth all felt that Mr. Hatoyama was not suitable to sit in parliament, much less to become prime minister. At that time Mr. Shigemitsu was awaiting trial as a major war criminal.

The Western attitude to these issues has changed since then, and I think this is sensible. If the Japanese people voting at elections which, at the very least, are very much freer than any elections before the war, want men like Mr. Hatoyama and Mr. Shigemitsu as their leaders, it would be foolish and futile for the West to try to intervene. In any case, the effort to separate the "liberals" from the "militarists" among Japan's former rulers was always a moralistic muddle. Any one who held a responsible position in Japan during the war years participated in the war effort, and was to that degree responsible. When it became clear that the war was being lost, some of these leaders got into serious trouble for urging a negotiated peace. That did not show that they were liberals, but merely that they wanted to save something from the wreck. It would therefore be pointless to feel any personal animus against Japan's present leaders. They are the able and experienced representatives of the groups who have for so long ruled Japan. They were forced to bend, but they never broke, during the early part of the Occupation.

The election confirms the steady trend back to conservatism and authoritarianism in Japan. Though the changes made in the electoral laws at the end of last year favored the conservatives by making things difficult for the new and less known

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candidates, the political atmosphere seemed to favor the Socialist opposition. The two main conservative parties, the Liberals and Democrats, had been distracted by endless inter-party and intra-party feuds. Many of the Liberals, and some of the leading Democrats, had been up to their necks in the financial scandals that aroused popular disgust. The conservatives stood for rearmament, while most of the people were afraid of it. Above all, the conservative deflationary policy had helped to make more than a million workers totally unemployed. Yet with all these seeming advantages, the combined Socialist parties were only able to win about sixteen more seats than in the last election. This gain certainly had some significance, for it deprives the conservatives of the two-thirds majority they need to amend the constitution. But the importance of this can easily be exaggerated. The constitutional prohibition of armed forces has not so far interfered with Japan's rearmament. And although there can be no immediate constitutional change in the Emperor's position, the Ministry of Education has announced plans for reintroducing courses in the schools on what the Emperor really means to Japan, despite the surface changes enforced by the Occupation. There is really no hurry about purely constitutional questions. When the old national spirit has been fully restored, the legal forms can be readily adjusted. In my own view, the main domestic significance of the election is that it shows that however seemingly unfriendly the political and economic circumstances, the conservatives can be confident of holding a comfortable preponderance of power.

THE QUICK rise of the Democrats at the expense of the Liberals shows some transfer of power from bureaucrats to business men. Before the war effective power was shared by three groups—the military, the bureaucracy, and the zaibatsu—and the policy followed at a given time reflected the prevailing balance of power among the three groups. The Occupation forced the military to go underground, and seriously interfered with the zaibatsu; it worked through, and thereby enhanced, the power of the bureaucracy. The military group has not yet openly revived its organization, but the business men have reasserted themselves and are now the dominant conservative group.

It has been once again made clear that communism has no attraction for the Japanese. Since November, the party has had considerable freedom, and some of its strongest leaders, emerging from hiding to take part in the election, took great pains to present a moderate policy that might appeal to national rather

Prime Minister Hatoyama

than revolutionary sentiment. Yet the party won less than 2 per cent of the total vote.

The election gives clear notice to the world that henceforth Japan is resolved to struggle for the right to make its own foreign policy. This is something for the West to ponder. I doubt whether many Westerners have fully realized how frightening and frustrating Japan's international position seems to the Japanese people. There are two ways in which this position remains unaltered since before the war. The social structure and political outlook are essentially the same; the need for external trade and the population pressure are the same, only greater. But there are two ways in which Japan's situation is profoundly different: The neighborhood is not the same—a new China stands next door; and there are new bombs.

In some ways Japan's position is like Britain's. Both are vulnerable, crowded island outposts of the Western bloc, heavily dependent on foreign trade. But Britain has some kind of shield in NATO; its nearest continental neighbors are allies. It can draw some comfort and economic strength from the Commonwealth and from the Empire. Its towns and cities are mostly built of brick and stone. And Britain has been able to play an active part, though perhaps not as big a part as it would wish, in shaping Western policy in Europe. Britain is now to make its own hydrogen bombs, mainly because it hopes thereby to exert more influence on America.

Japan, unlike Britain, has no friends nearby. It would be straining words to call Formosa and South Korea friends. It has no preferences in Commonwealth or Empire markets, no secure access to raw materials—except silk of dwindling value. It is an exposed American military base, but has had no say in the critical issues that keep the Far East on the verge of a major war in which it would certainly have high priority as a target. In the political and military decisions which will decide the future of the region in which it lies, Japan plays no independent part. Though it belongs to Asia, it has been required to behave as though it belonged to the West. The plain fact is that in the cold war Japan loses more, because of the restrictions of its trade with Russia and China, than does its Western associates, and that in a hot war its prospects of survival would be much dimmer than theirs.

TO EXPECT Japan to be a trusted armed ally of the West is to defy economic and geographical realities. Japan simply cannot afford to align itself firmly either with the Communists or the Western bloc. In any foreseeable future it is in Japan's national interest to work for peace in the Far East, and its leaders, however conservative, know this. That is why the emergence of a more independent Japanese policy should be welcomed. To try to force Japan to align itself automatically with the West, when Japanese leaders do not feel that Western policy serves their country's own interests, is the surest way to make Japan an enemy.

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BOOKS

Formulas for Foreign Policy

POWER THROUGH PURPOSE. By Thomas I. Cook and Malcolm Moos. The Johns Hopkins Press. $4.

COMMON SENSE AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By Dorothy Fosdick. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

CIVILIZATION AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Louis J. Halle. Harper Brothers. $3.75.

By Frederick L. Schuman

IN THE continuing "great debate" over American diplomacy the issues of isolationism versus interventionism and nationalism versus internationalism are long since gone with the wind. The major controversy of our time is between "idealists" and "realists." Extremists among the former, following in the footsteps of Woodrow Wilson, are apostles of "crusades for freedom," holy wars against sin, and high-minded adventurers to vindicate righteousness. The "realists" are disciples of national interest, respect for allies, toleration of foreign devils, horse-trading with potential foes, and acknowledgment that America, unlike God, is not omnipotent.

Publicists and professors possessed of no burdens of public power find it pleasant to preach moral indignation as a guide to policy. But policy-makers and politicians, providing they are not demagogues, often find responsibility a sobering experience. The President and Secretary of State who two years ago were all in favor of "liberation," "massive retaliation," and "unleashing" Chiang Kai-shek now speak softly of moderation, coexistence, a cease-fire, and a modus vivendi. It is no less heartening that various ex-members of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department—Kennan and C. B. Marshall, and now Dorothy Fosdick and Louis J. Halle—have put into print their counsels of sobriety.

Dean Acheson's introduction rightly gives high praise to Halle's book. The author, now at the University of Virginia, is blessed with historical perspective, intellectual discipline, and literary skill. His analysis is operational and dialectical *a la* Plato. He strives to elaborate a theory of foreign policy. Its elements are familiar, but are here synthesized with rare lucidity and insight. His premise: we are what we are, and the world is what it is, and neither will soon be changed. Power is not evil but morally neutral and coterminous with life itself. Power politics is not unethical but inevitable. "The eternal problem of politics is not to do away with power but to tame it." To debate, in either-or terms, the perennial question of whether the Kremlin is motivated by Russian nationalism or Communist ideology is, opines Halle, "as pertinent as it would be to ask whether a man is the son of his father or of his mother." The term "communism" is incapable of objective definition, for it "means what men think it means." Again, *a la* Toynbee: "If our own civilization remained in full possession of the vision on which it depends, the ideological challenge of communism would be quixotic. It could not endanger any more than termites can endanger living wood. The danger to our civilization today comes from within, from the weakening of its vision."

So much granted—who among us grants it?—it follows that the problem of national security is one to be lived with rather than solved. "The problems that we can solve now, or by tomorrow noon, are generally the fewest and least of our problems. If, then, we approach all our problems with the grim determination to do away with them forthwith, by whatever desperate expedients, we would shortly find ourselves exhausted amid the wreckage of our lives." America cannot Americanize China or Russia or even our own allies. "You cannot, as a rule, get an opponent to commit suicide by threatening to kill him; if you want him dead, you have to kill him yourself." But "a state's adoption of objectives beyond its means leads to the reduction of its means. It compounds weakness." Halle's trenchant conclusions flow logically from these premises, which seem to me sound.

Harry Emerson Fosdick's talented daughter, now a consultant of NBC, has set herself a more modest task but executed it brilliantly. Her purpose is to recall to Americans the precepts of "common sense"—for example, "to know when to be scared is the beginning of wisdom; whoever says he has the solution of our problems speaks too soon; fashioning your methods in the light of your end is prudence; sometimes to let things alone is wise; to believe you are more generous than you really are is hazardous," and so on. On the basis of such precepts she offers a thought-provoking commentary on what foreign policy is, or ought to be, about. If every citizen would read this book—and Miss Fosdick has made it easy to read—the prospects of an enlightened public would be vastly enhanced.

THE idealist rebuttal is here represented by the work of two able political scientists, both of John Hopkins University. Professors Cook and Moos, both originally concerned with refuting Hans J. Morgenthau, are cautious and moderate. They offer us the most erudite and persuasive version to date of the uses of "moralism." They are too wise to fall into the usual traps, despite their ethnocentric conviction, which all of us share, that our way of life is the best way. Their argument, albeit subtly presented, is simple: "The dynamo which generates power is ethical appeal." Our ideas are exportable. Policy must rest on "principle." But in building our "moral empire" (shades of Henry Luce!) we must avoid coercion and rely on example, persuasion, and perhaps even "realism."

Yet the moral is muddy. For it appears that "the western world can properly accept an accommodation with the U. S. S. R. only if and when

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FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN holds the Woodrow Wilson Professorship of Government at Williams College and is the author of "The Commonwealth of Man," "Night Over Europe, The Diplomacy of Nemesis, 1939-1940," and other works on current world affairs.

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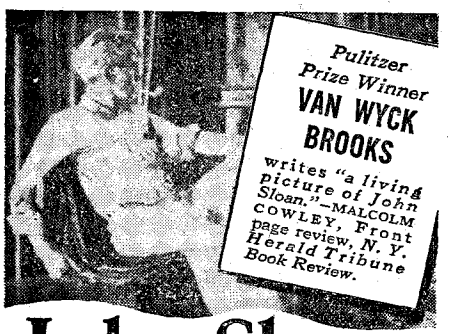
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the latter abandons and repents its fundamental heresy" (shades of Calvin Coolidge!) and that we must "make war *a outrance,* with no compromise, on the proud dictators who pervert all principle." It may be that this is not an appeal for a religious war of extermination, the usual terminus of the moralists and a fool-proof formula for the thermonuclear extinction of civilization. I am not persuaded. Others may be. But let the debate continue. Our decisive advantage over all tolitarians is that we believe that truth and wisdom are best achieved through free talk in a free market for ideas. Each of these books is a valuable contribution to the American experiment.

A Liberal on Canvas

JOHN SLOAN: A PAINTER'S LIFE. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

"IT MAY be taken as an axiom," said John Sloan, "that the majority is always wrong in cultural matters. . . . Voting on matters of taste always results in selection of the mediocre or commonplace. . . . Politically I believe in democracy, but culturally not at all. . . . Whenever a cultural matter rolls up a majority I know it is wrong."

These sentiments, voiced by a man whose whole life was an expression of the liberal point of view and whose few but not inconsiderable ventures into politics were daringly left of center, mark him as an uncompromising individualist. As such, Sloan was deeply and admirably American, even in a sphere of activity where America is least generous in encouraging individualism. He was never doctrinaire. When his associates on the *Masses,* to which he contributed over fifty drawings (without any recompense), began to exert political pressure on him, he broke off the connection.

If I begin an estimate of Van Wyck Brooks's valuable record of Sloan with this statement of Sloan's point of view, it is to sharpen a paradox in liberal thought. Much as reformers would like to take over art as a vehicle of social action, no artist worth his salt will so limit himself. Even Sloan, whose art was basically illustrative and whose social attitudes could easily have led him down this path, abruptly refused all such blandishments.

Van Wyck Brooks was a lifelong friend and admirer of Sloan's. His account is written from the heart, but with simplicity and detachment. Its title is exactly right: this is not a book of art criticism but the record of a man. It has, therefore, distinct limitations, but on the whole it is the best kind of book on John Sloan. For it is possible to conclude that the man outstripped the artist in Sloan as a contributor to American culture. He was, I think, too narrowly committed to illustrating moments in the life of average Americans to set his sights on history's longer range. This is not to underestimate the value of what "The Eight," with Robert Henri's leadership and Sloan's illustrative power, did to demolish the vacant American art of the turn of our century. It is merely to attempt a more final judgment. Sloan had it in him to look beyond the American scene. He welcomed with enthusiasm the Armory show of 1913, and his reasons for not traveling abroad, far from being chauvinistic, were the same which kept Rembrandt in Amsterdam, Daumier in Paris, and Goya (until his final exile) in Spain. These figures were Sloan's deities; in fact, his knowledge of Daumier (he bought a large file of the Charivari) was far in advance of the public's appreciation of this great master. Furthermore, he profoundly respected Picasso—but not for his imitators. Yet as an artist he never managed to lift nimself to extranational heights.

The art of Sloan, being primarily illustrative, lends itself to appraisal by a man of letters. More important, the character and life of Sloan demands such an interpreter. As a biography this book fills a much-needed gap. It is an excellent and authoritative record of the artistic milieu of Philadelphia, where a ma-

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jority of our best artists developed late in the nineteenth century, and of New York, which attracted most of them when the center of magazine publishing shifted there from Philadelphia. That Sloan became a painter at all is testimony to two things—the inspiration of Robert Henri and his own courage. He was forty-two years old when he sold his first oil—to Albert Barnes, who had been a schoolmate in Philadelphia; and he was fifty before a museum bought one of his paintings—the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington.

I discovered only one error: the caption for the painting of the Sixth Avenue "El" should read Thirteenth Street, not Thirtieth. John Sloan's New York centered in Union Square, not Pennsylvania Station.

Selected New Books

Fiction

THE SELF-BETRAYED. By Joseph Wechsberg. Knopf. $3.95. A moving and literate work when dealing with boyhood in pre-World War II Czechoslovakia, Mr. Wechsberg's book loses narrative effect when he attempts to recreate postwar political motivations. His narrator becomes little more than a catalyst for events, simply tagging people as "afraid," "ruthless," "sexless," or drugged by ideological rigidity.

THE SUN AT NOON. By Charles Angoff. Beechurst Press. $4.50. Third volume in Charles Angoff's triology of Jewish life in America, "The Sun at Noon" is a sensitive and occasionally sentimental novel. Mr. Angoff gives his people full dimension, but rambles rather loosely over the 572 pages of his narrative.

ASH ON A YOUNG MAN'S SLEEVE. By Dannie Abse. Criterion Books. $3. Dannie Abse, an accomplished poet, brings economy as well as richness to this slight but intense novel of childhood and youth in a Welsh town. There is no plot structure; the book is built on a series of effective vignettes and some delightful anecdotes.

THE EXPERTS. By Martin Mayer. Harper. $3.50. A tough, shallow first novel of hard-bitten politics, hard-bitten journalism, and hard-bitten sex, with just enough violence to qualify for the Really Real school of fiction. Not for readers who demand depth as well as action.

THE HARVARD TREE. By Alma Stone. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. A charming novel of Southern family life, with effective social insight and warm human understanding. Miss Stone uses a variety of techniques, and the result is amusing and unpretentious.

THE INNOCENT SAILOR. By Anne de Tourville. Translated from the French by Mervyn Savill. Farrar, Straus and Young. $3.50. A pastel saga of a French seaman, told in lovely but fragile narrative. Although Mlle. de Tourville succeeds in capturing authentic folk texture, much of her book is over-prettified. The result is artifice, charming but self-conscious.

HIDDEN FIRE. By Sherman Baker. Little, Brown. $3.75. Sex, martinis, and the attempt-to-find-meaning in glossy surburban life. A well-mannered and well-meaning novel, oc-

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casionally reaching into motivation but handicapped by frequent cliche.

THE CURLEW'S CRY. By Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95. Often recalling the quiet sensitivity of Willa Cather, Mildred Walker's new novel is a story of frustrated love and vanishing tradition in a Western setting. A competent but unspectacular book without challenge, "The Curlew's Cry" is unlikely to hold the interest of a demanding reader.

A SUMMER NIGHT. By Alan Moorehead. Harper. $3. The deceptive simplicity of Alan Moorehead's prose gives added dimension to his new novel. Despite the high polish of his cast—"a beautiful Swiss pianist, a prosperous American publisher, and a successful London portrait painter"—Mr. Moorehead maintains tension and pace, blending subtle analysis with vivid recreation of social unrest in an Italian resort town.

ONE ARM AND OTHER STORIES. By Tennessee Williams. New Directions. $4.50. Written in luminous prose, several of these stories ring in the mind like struck crystal. A tough core of realistic observation often helps Williams to transcend his "exotic sensitivity." One tale—Desire and the Black Masseur—is a minor masterpiece of horror.

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Hebrew history was convulsed by a long struggle for social justice which was identical with the warfare of Jehovah (or Yahweh) against Baal. "The baals of Canaan are set over against Yahweh; and the name Baal becomes the very signature of Heathenism." Prof. Moore of Harvard (Commentary on Judges, P. 195). The actual force that created the One-God religion was precisely the long-continued struggle for social justice (not socialism or communism). This is the essential truth about Hebrew history; and it is an appalling fact that for cnturies our churches and our religion have been so largely based upon a misinterpretation of Hebrw history. In other words, the Monotheism of Israel was not produced by a supernatural impulse, operating arbitrarily on a mountain-top in the desert of Arabia. It was, and is, a cultural achievement of the Hebrew people themselves.

Coming into view amidst the campaign of modern scientific scholarship as applied to Hebrew history, the foregoing considerations are securely enthroned in the faculties of our great institutions of learning, such as Yale, Harvard, Chicago, Duke, etc. Technical circumstances have prevented the religious public and the general public from assimilating the situation. But religion is on the eve of adjustment with a scientific chronology measured by millions of years instead of six thousand years. And the people are dimly aware that great changes are imminent. One of the circumstances retarding public opinion is the prevailing ideology of Individual Righteousness, or Salvation, which has been able to debar the proclamation of social justice from the pulpit for more than fifteen hundred years. You can help defeat Reaction!

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Miscellaneous

THE BURNING FOUNTAIN. A Study in the Language of Symbolism. By Philip Wheelwright. Indiana. $6. Finding that the "positivist" semantics of I. A. Richards and his followers leave no room for poetic or religious truth, Professor Wheelwright sets out to achieve a "Copernican revolution" in semantics by detailing the emotive capacities of language and studying related phenomena in religious symbolism and Greek drama. A learned, absorbing, and challenging study.

HOWELLS AND THE AGE OF REALISM. By Everett Carter. Lippincott. $5. A vigorous examination of the development and influence of Howells's realism, and of Howells's relations with Mark Twain, James, Crane, De Forest, and other contemporaries.

THE RUNGLESS LADDER. Harriet Beecher Stowe and New England Puritanism. By Charles H. Foster. Duke. $4.50. After tracing the genesis of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in detail, Professor Foster gives a scholarly account of Mrs. Stowe's literary career. His examination of her religious doubts and his review of the contemporary references of her novels are especially informative.

JAPANESE LITERATURE. An Introduction for Western Readers. By Donald Keene. Grove. $2.50. (Paperbound, $1). A highly successful clarification of link-verse, "cutting words," stylized drama, and other subtle concepts of a fascinating alien literary tradition.

THE VISIONARY NOVELS OF GEORGE MACDONALD. Edited by Anne Fremantle. Noonday. $5. These two weird narratives, the work of a prolific minor Victorian, are astonishingly rich and sustained exercises in fantasy.

LEWIS CARROLL. By Derek Hudson. Macmillan. $4.50. Fanatical Carroll addicts will find some interesting new facts here, but the book fails to give a living picture of the man or his work.

HIS VERY SELF AND VOICE. Collected Conversations of Lord Byron. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Ernest J. Lovell, Jr. Macmillan. $7.50. The idea of this book, a collection of all known first-hand reports of Byron's actions and conversations, is original, and it makes interesting reading, but it repro-

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duces a great deal of well-known material and leaves serious gaps in the narrative of Byron's life. The surprising result of the experiment is that the informants make themselves quite vivid by their comments, while Byron himself is buried under conflicting and prejudiced opinions.

DYLAN THOMAS. By Derek Stanford. Citadel. $3.50. Many readers have been puzzled by Thomas's work without finding it necessary to proclaim the fact in a critical study, as the author of this book has done. His obsessions with sex and such matters as off rhymes and rhyme schemes lead Mr. Stanford to give an account of Thomas's poetry which makes it seem like something Henry Miller might write if he had the gifts of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

JACOB KORG.

Theater

Robert Hatch

IT IS the so-so play that makes work. Before the curtain has been up two minutes at "Bus Stop" (Music Box), a reviewer knows he can put his pencil away and lean back. The professionals have come to town.

This is William Inge's third Broadway play ("Come Back, Little Sheba" and "Picnic" preceded it) and his third Broadway success. He is probably not a great playwright (at least, I doubt that anything he has done thus far will be included in the archives of our century), but he is an acute, compassionate, and amused observer who has trained himself to write approximately perfect theater. Like all good craftsmen, he makes it look as easy as instinct.

The people who have brought "Bus Stop" to the stage—Harold Clurman, Boris Aronson, the actors Kim Stanley, Elaine Stritch, Anthony Ross, Albert Salmi, and the others—enjoy the same economical authority. This is probably the most easy-going show in town—it can afford to be casual.

"Bus Stop" is funny and witty and shrewd. It acknowledges uglier matters but, being in a holiday mood, it steers clear of them. A small party of travelers is stormbound for the night in a roadside restaurant thirty miles west of Kansas City (this antique device is for experts only; others will be crushed by the weight of precedent). The bus is carrying, in addition to its driver (Patrick McVey) and an unfrocked and tipsy professor (Anthony Ross), two cowboys heading home from a Kansas City rodeo, and a singer from a night spot near the stockyards. The younger of the cowboys (Albert Salmi) has, in fact, abducted the girl (Kim Stanley) because, being very young, he assumes that any girl who would bed with him must love him and the only way he knows to be masterful he learned from roping cows. The young lady is frightened and annoyed by this display of muscular gallantry and the older cowboy (Crahan Denton), an employee turned foster father, is embarrassed and worried for them both. The locals at the restaurant are its proprietor (Elaine Stritch), her child assistant (Phyllis Love), and the town sheriff (Lou Polan), who functions as both the guardian of order and the voice of experience.

With this assorted group, jailed together for the length of a snowstorm, Mr. Inge rings changes on the definition of love. The bus driver and the restaurant owner begin what will become a weekly seduction, as brief and efficient as the timetable that controls it; the professor makes a dead set for the child (he is that sort of professor); the young cowboy and his chick come to an understanding that may work out better than one would expect. That, in fact, is what Inge is saying about love: all sorts of unlikely solutions do work out. The bus driver and his Grace are not without tenderness; the professor does have a genuine instinct for beauty and, though his intentions are shocking, they do not shock the intended victim—even when she understands them; the cowboy and the singer are a pair of innocents, whatever the facts may be. Eros is a compassionate and accommodating god and the only man to be pitied is the older cowboy who has forsworn him altogether.

But the play should not be abstracted so. It is no treatise, but a captivating excursion into the joys and comedies of humanity. The

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script and the performance are so accurately pitched that, though these people are bizarre, they never become grotesque. It is delicate work: the night-club girl who is vulgar but not cheap; the cowboy who is absurd but not ridiculous; the professor who is pitiable but not maudlin; the restaurant owner who is tough but not callous. This is partly technique, of course, but even more it is the way Inge and Clurman see people. We hear so much brave talk these days about the dignity and importance of mankind; it is exhilarating to encounter men who take human virtue for granted.

THE SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS, who took and gave so much delight with "Twelfth Night" a few months ago, are now offering "The Merchant of Venice" (Jan Hus House). It is not the play for them.

Whether or not it is the play for anyone these days remains to be seen, but this company of intelligent, serious "thespians" obviously has not yet the style or voice to carry out so difficult a Shakespearean assignment. The collegiate enthusiasm that was infectious in Illyria is coltish and a little embarrassing on the Rialto and at Belmont.

AFTER READING Wolcott Gibbs in the *New Yorker*, I see that my statement of Christopher Fry's intention in "The Dark Is Light Enough" was insufficient. It is not just that the countess will not yoke human charity to moral judgment; it is also, as Mr. Gibbs says, that she finds positive merit in the position of the renegade Gettner: he is an uncommitted realist in a world of romantic partisans, and she feels the world has suffered enough from partisanship of the purest motive. Having had this pointed out to me, however, I am even less satisfied by Tyrone Power in the Gettner role. He entirely fails to show a glimpse of integrity beneath the maudlin self-interest. Mr. Gibbs astutely discovered it for himself.

OSCAR HOMOLKA is a Viennese and the version of "The Master Builder" which he directed and in which he plays the lead at the Phoenix is a waltz version of Ibsen's bitter salute to age. His instinct may have been right: Ibsen's misanthropy has become so proverbial that we come to the play discounting the gloom. A "Master Builder" staged as another exercise in Scandinavian pessimism would be "Yes, just what we expected," and we should be armed against it. Stage it in sunshine, therefore, let the often sparkling dialogue shine, and the play may once more fell an audience with its sour but unevadable truth.

But Homolka has gone very far. The mood he creates is almost playful—a wry and gallic commentary on an old man's follies—and the stage seems given over to people so shallow that they cannot perceive the horror surrounding them. The tragedy has been thrown out with the trappings.

Homolka gives a sure performance at the level he has selected and, since he is at the center of action, he can make the role consistent. But the satellites around him go into strange orbits. Margaret Barker, as his wife, finds it almost impossible to make her near-mad sorrow real; Gene Saks, as the young architect of whom the master builder is jealous, appears shrill and very young indeed. The oddest impersonation is given by Joan Tetzel as Hilda Wangel. Hilda—"youth knocking at the door"—is certainly a symbol of the old man's fear, fascination, hate, and doom. But she is also a person in the play and I don't believe that Ibsen meant her to be entirely fey and to percn on things like Peter Pan. The Boris Aronson sets are brilliant—formidable but not heavy; strong, original, but as ideas unfinished: the kind of work, one can believe, by which Halvard Solness made his great reputation.

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Music

B. H. Haggin

THE AUDIENCE'S yelling for Tebaldi at the Metropolitan Opera performance of "Otello" I attended was something one could understand; for at times one heard what was basically a very beautiful voice produce lovely sounds, even if at other times one heard it produce sounds that were tremulously shrill or sharp-edged, and at first not securely on pitch. But the yelling for Del Monaco was beyond comprehension: at a distance in the Metropolitan his voice was more bearable than at the close microphone-range of records, but even at a distance it was unpleasantly dry, tight, rasping, and gritty, except for some—not all—loud high notes in which it became momentarily clear. It wasn't as though the audience was unacquainted with anything better: as late as last year it heard Bjoerling, and it still hears Tucker, whose voice lacks warmth and luster but is otherwise agreeable and clear throughout its range and capable of high notes all of which ring out as powerfully and clearly as some of Del Monaco's. Nor was it another instance of the fanatical loyalty that causes some people to hear in Milanov's or Traubel's singing today the beautiful voice of years ago: Del Monaco's voice was unpleasant from the start. One doesn't expect musical taste of the public, and

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wouldn't be surprised by its enthusiasm for a new Gigli; but one is amazed by its loss of its former ability to perceive the objective fact of a pleasant or unpleasant vocal sound, and by the frenzies for a Del Monaco or a Harshaw. And not only the public: I don't see all the reviews, but I have yet to encounter one—even by one of the voice- and opera-cultists—that has discussed the voice of Del Monaco or Harshaw that I have heard.

Warren seems to have reached the point where he must use his voice with more discretion than in the past; in any case he did use it with more restraint, producing beautiful sounds with the subtle inflection and coloring that Iago's part calls for. The rest of the cast was good; the chorus sounded rough and coarse; and so did the orchestra under Stiedry's direction. In addition the performance he conducted was characteristically graceless and uncohesive; one in which Tebaldi was free to stretch out phrases for the deployment of her lovely pianissimos; one in which Warren and the orchestra were suddenly in complete confusion for several measures in *Era la notte,* until a pause in the music enabled conductor and singer to make a new start together.

TELEFUNKEN TM-68025 offers beautiful singing and phrasing by the soprano Margot Guilleaume in *Deh vieni non tardar* (sung in German as *O saume langer nicht)* from "The Marriage of Figaro" and *Ach ich fuhl's* from "The Magic Flute" with the Berlin Municipal Opera Orchestra under Lutze. On the reverse side are arias from "Martha" and "Mignon."

London LD-9168 offers three Verdi arias—the great *Ella giammai m'amo* from "Don Carlo" and the *Infelice! e tu credevi* from "Ernani" and *Tu sul labbro* from "Nabucco"—sung by Siepi with the Santa Cecelia Orchestra under Erede. On this record Siepi nas a beautiful voice that I didn't hear at the Metropolitan this year.

Souzay is another singer with a more beautiful voice on records than the one I heard in Town Hall recently. I was able to hear only the last few songs of Schumann's "Dichterliebe" at the recital; and in these I heard the same fine musical intelligence and expressive power as in the performances on records, but not the same vocal beauty and ease and security: the voice that is richly resonant all the way up on the new London record of Schubert songs (LL-1148) was frayed on top in Town Hall, and a few sustained high notes were approached and achieved in a way that didn't allow me to sit back at ease and listen with confidence. On the record, as in Town Hall, Dalton Baldwin's playing of the piano parts reveals him as one of those with the special gift of creating continuous life around someone else's singing or playing. Most of the songs on the record are fine: "Du bist die Ruh'," "Geheimes," "Litanei," "Nachtviolen," "Abschied," "Der Musensohn," "Horch, horch, die Lerch'," and others.

Oiseau-Lyre DL-53004 offers Purcell's engaging ode, "Come Ye Sons of Art," sung by Margaret Ritchie, soprano, Alfred Deller and John Whitworth, counter-tenors, and Bruce Boyce, baritone, with chorus and orchestra under Anthony Lewis. Ritchie's voice has lost a little of its loveliness, but her sustained phrasing is still exciting; the other singers are adequate; the recorded sound is good except for the muffled reproduction of the chorus's repetition of *Come ye Sons of Art* near the end of side 1.

Bruckner's Mass in E minor, which has some of the beautiful writing that proceeded from his religious feeling, is on Telefunken LGX-66033, not well performed by the chorus and orchestra of the Hamburg Opera under Thurn, and poorly reproduced.

CORRECTION

Through faulty transmission, two errors crept into Fred Clarke's article from Geneva on the meeting of the International Labor Organization, published in our issue of March 5. The Yugoslav tripartite delegation voted for the seating of the Soviet-bloc employers delegation; the Soviet-bloc delegates, not those from the West, joined employers in opposition to the productivity resolution.

COMING NEXT WEEK

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Letters

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

formers? The dilemma is this: there just aren't any honorable men around these days who can be found to lie *for money*! Various types of Matusow simply have to be used in trials and hearings of subversives, or else there just couldn't be any trials and hearings. And then where would we be?

MRS. EDNA GARDNER

Mays Landing, N. J.

Labor and the Probes

Dear Sirs: Here's a sequal to your Janlary 8 article entitled Anti-Red or Anti-Labor? That Boston Labor Probe. After working five years for the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company in Boston, I was called onto the office of the personnel manager and fired as an undesirable employee." I was then escorted out by three company officials who would not let me say so long to my fellow union members.

I have been active in the affairs of Local 239 United Electrical Workers as editor of the union paper and as a member of the bargaining committee. Last April I was subpoenaed by the State Commission Against Communism. In July I appeared before the McCarthy committee in Washington. Each time I made it clear that I was a loyal and devoted American; that I opposed espionage, sabotage, etc.; that I did not work in a defense plant or do any government work. I stated my opposition to McCarthyism and refused to cooperate with any probes that were after my union and my country's freedom.

One week before the 1955 elections in my union I was again subpoenaed. This time no chances were taken. I was also to appear before the Massachusetts commission on Friday of the same week. Once again I refused to be a party to the destruction of the Constitution. I became a "Fifth Amendment Communist."

Armed with newspaper clippings, anti-union and pro-company elements in the shop went after my scalp. On the last day for filing, two candidates entered the election campaign against me. This was the first time in two years that I had been opposed. This time the company succeeded in beating me by an eight-vote margin.

Two days after the election I was fired. Two days after that a leaflet attacking the U. E. as "commie" was issued in the shop by an I. U. E. group. Now after eighteen years of the same union, the workers are torn apart in an intra-union dispute—and only two months before the end of our present contract.

Is it any wonder that more and more people are accusing the probers of serving the employers by dividing and weakening unions during negotiations? Senator John E. Powers and the Massachusetts commission may scream denials, but all the facts prove that big business is finding these probes to their great advantage in dealing with militant workers and unions.

EDWIN GARFIELD

Allston, Mass.

MEETINGS

"The Work, My Friend, is Peace . . ."
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HARVEY O'CONNOR speaks on "The Oil Trust: Biggest Cartel in the World," Tuesday, March 22, 133 W. 44 Street, 8:30 P.M. Admission $1 in advance, $1.25 at door. Write for tickets to Monthly Review Associates, 218 W. 10 St., N. Y. OR 5-6939.

Boulevards for Illiterates

Dear Sirs: When the food area of the Great Plains was taken over in 1787, President Jefferson set aside for school purposes 640 acres of land in each township. President Jackson used $36,000,000 to build schools, and started the "little red schoolhouse." Abraham Lincoln set aside over ten million acres of federal land to build land-grant colleges. These great Americans set their approval on federal aid to education.

The poor and the opulent do not live near each other; consequently, the duty of the one to the other cannot be effected except on a basis of federal aid.

As Thomas Jefferson said, "Give your legislators no peace." The proposed use of billions of dollars for roads seems unbalanced in relation to the small federal aid to schools. Shall we have illiterates driving on boulevards?

HOWARD J. BOURNE

Portland, Ind.

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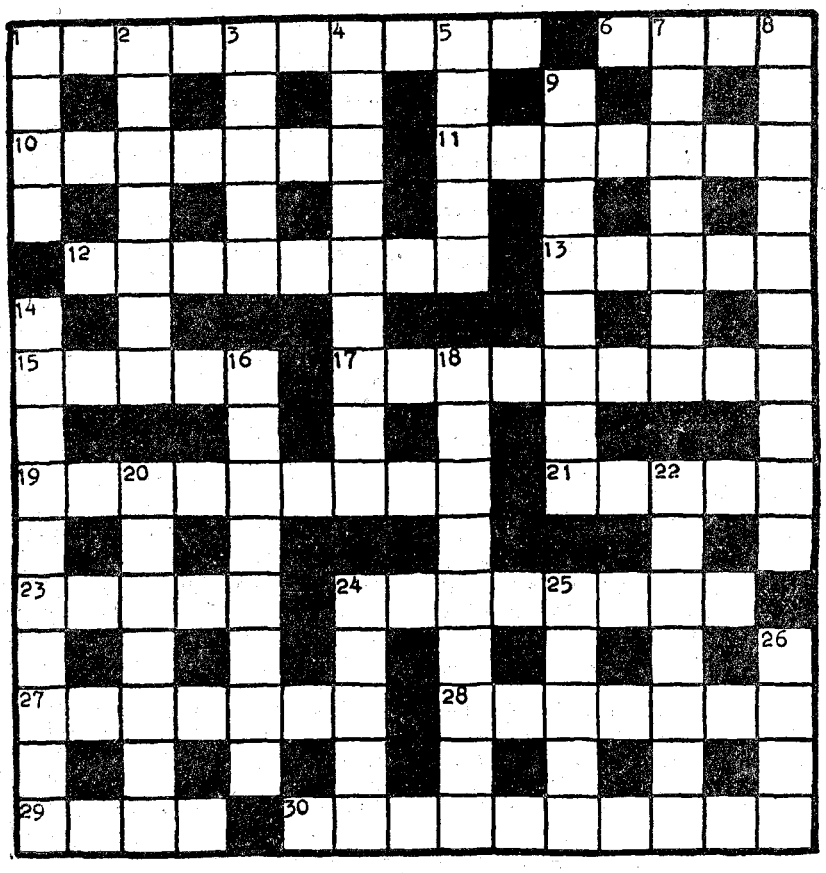
Crossword Puzzle No. 611

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 22 down
6 See 15 across
10 Refuse to fall? (7)
11 and 12 Not exactly your business operation, associated with cornering? (1, 6, 2, 3, 3)
13 Not the Jack suggested by the above. (5)
15 and 6 Dead heats in Berkshire? (5, 4)
17 Gradual diminution of a sort of colored concrete? (9)
19 Bonds. (9)
21 This Indian power waned, obviously. (5)
23 Somewhat like 24 at poker. (5)
24 Somewhat like 23 at bridge. (8)
27 Great king, twice as little with a plant. (7)
28 Where you chicken feed might go, for one who apples? (7)
29 Unpleasantly moist. (4)
30 Headed for the ral, the ring, or the horn? (5-5)

DOWN

1 African arroyo? (4)
2 Short study in secular environment. (7)
3 Kipling said "there's loving and fighting" where there are. (5)
4 See 22 down
5 I and the humorist are generally combined. (5)
7 Tearing in pieces. (7)
8 Ophidian? (10)
9 It isn't really a dairy plant! (8)
14 See 22 down
16 See 22 down
18 Comic sets might be given on Valentine's Day. (9)
20 African, in the spirit of the beast. (7)
22 1 across, 14 down, 4 down, 16 down Invitation to the dinner? (4, 3, 4, 4, 2, 6, 4, 3, 6, 2, 3, 3)
24 Where one walks lightly, in broadcasting, (2, 3)
25 He spied on Canaan (5)
26 A clear dry combination (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 610

ACROSS: 1 POSTS; 4 TAILWINDS; 9 NEWSPRINT; 10 ANNIE; 11 SUNFLOWER; 12 PATTI; 13 CLEMENCEAU; 17 SKYLARKING; 21 AMASS; 22 LUCRATIVE; 23 LOSER; 24 YAMASHITA; 25 PARAMOURS; 26 MASSE. DOWN: 1 PUNISH; 2 SOWING; 3 SUPPLY; 4 THIS WILL KILL YOU; 5 INTERNMENT CAMPS; 6 WRAPPING; 7 NINETEEN; 8 SPECIOUS; 14 ESCALLOP; 15 BYPASSER; 16 BASS DRUM; 18 BALSAM; 19 PITIES; 20 DEFACE.

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WILLIAM A. REUBEN, former publicity director of the American Civil Liberties Union, achieved international fame for "breaking" the case of the Trenton Six. He was also the first journalist to question the Rosenberg verdict. His brilliant, pioneering articles in The National Guardian led to formation of the National Committee to Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case (of which he was first chairman) . . . and started him on a three-year investigation of all the "atom spy" cases. His startling discoveries, many of them never before published, are revealed for the first time in THE ATOM SPY HOAX.

At Last! The TRUTH About

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Startling New Information about Klaus Fuchs, Allan Nunn May, Harry Gold, And The Greenglasses! The Suppressed Evidence In The Alger Hiss Case! New Proof of Perjury in the Rosenberg Case! Other Extraordinary Revelations!

Did You Know . . .

- The American public has been led to believe that the documents which Igor Gouzenko stole from the Soviet Embassy led to the "discovery" of the Canadian "atom spies," that this investigation later led to Fuchs, that his "cooperation" implicated Gold, who led to the Greenglasses and that they implicated Ethel and Julius Rosenberg—but not one scrap of evidence to support any such claims has ever been presented inside a courtroom?
- The documents which Gouzenko stole from the Soviet Embassy were shown in the Canadian courts to have had no connection to those who were convicted?
- The FBI's press agentry led the American public to believe Fuchs' "cooperation" led to Gold and that Gold's "cooperation" led to Greenglass, but actually, in the "atom spy" investigation, the FBI questioned Gold before they ever saw Fuchs and questioned Greenglass three months before they ever talked to Gold?
- A 1945 New Mexico railroad timetable, never previously checked, proves that Gold and the Greenglasses were lying in their testimony at the Rosenberg-Sobell trial about their alleged meeting in Albuquerque? That this timetable proves that the meeting they described could never have taken place? And that this timetable proves that the Government's contention about how the Greenglasses and Gold gave the Russians the A-bomb "secret" was a fabricated story?
- That Elizabeth Bentley was a member of the Italian Fascist University Group? And that the foreman of the Grand Jury investigating espionage arranged to have her book published and shared in the royalties? And that the U.S. Attorney who prosecuted the "espionage" cases was her own lawyer?
- That the FBI had no other evidence in arresting Morton Sobell and proclaiming him an "atom spy" other than that he had known Julius Rosenberg?
- That Klaus Fuchs worked with Nazis in Germany? And that the FBI, which said Fuchs led them to Gold, actually had been talking with Gold for three days before they ever saw Fuchs?
- That the FBI and the headlines convicted Brothman and Moskowitz as "atom spies" before they were tried, but in court the prosecutor had to admit that they had nothing to do with espionage?

THE story you are about to read is like a nightmare. Yet it is a true story. A story of false accusations, interrogations by terror, testimony by blackmail, trial by hysteria, and legislation by publicity. Case by case, you will discover how the FBI and the Un-American Committee created the myth of atomic espionage in newspaper headlines—then used that myth to shape Cold War policy abroad and repressive legislation at home. It is a story of the most gigantic publicity hoax in history, a story that would normally not be told for another 10 or 20 years (as the Sacco-Vanzetti story, and that of other classic frame-ups were not fully told until years after the fact.) Yet, thanks to the courage and persistence of a young newspaper reporter who would not be intimidated, it is a story that is yours to read NOW, before this gigantic publicity hoax succeeds in its next grim objective.

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